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7-26-1877

# Providence Independent, V. 3, No. 7, Thursday, July 26, 1877

Providence Independent

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## Requiescat in Pace.

Sleep here in peace!  
To earth's kind bosom do we tearful take thee;  
No mortal sound again from rest shall wake thee;  
No fever thirns, no grief that needs assuaging,  
No tempest burst, above thy head loud raging.  
Sleep here in peace!  
Sleep here in peace!  
No more thou'lt know the sun's glad morning  
shining;  
No more the night that stoops serene above  
thee,  
Watching thy rest, like tender eyes that love  
thee,  
Sleep here in peace!  
Sleep here in peace!  
Unknown to thee the spring will come with  
bleeding,  
The turf above thee in soft verdure dressing;  
Unknown will come the autumn rich and  
mellow,  
Sprinkling thy couch with foliage golden yellow.  
Sleep here in peace!  
Sleep here in peace!  
This is earth's rest for all her broken-hearted,  
Where she has garnered up our dear departed;  
The prattling babe, the wife, the old man  
hoary,  
The tired of human life, the crowned with  
glory.  
Sleep here in peace!

## FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

### The Story of a Mother's Love.

The fire burns cheerily on the hearth, the great logs crackle and flare up the wide chimney, up which it is my wont to say you could drive a coach and four. I draw my chair nearer to it with a shiver.

"What a night!" I say.

"Is it still snowing?" asks my wife, who sits opposite to me, her books and work on the table before her.

"Fast. You can scarcely see a yard before you."

"Heaven help any poor creature on the moor to-night!" says she.

"Who would venture out? It began snowing before dark, and all the people about know the danger of being benighted on the moor in a snow-storm."

"Yes. But I have known people frozen to death hereabout before now."

"It is beginning to clear," I tell my wife, and also inform her that it is past eleven. As she lights her candle at a side-table I hear a whining and scratching at the front door.

"There is Laddie loose again," says she. "Would you let him in, dear?"

I did not like facing the cold wind, but could not refuse to let in the poor animal. Strangely enough, when I opened the door and called him, he wouldn't come. He runs up to the door and looks into my face with dumb entreaty; then he runs back a few steps, looking round to see if I am following; and finally, he takes my coat in his mouth and tries to draw me out.

"Laddie won't come in," I call out to my wife. "On the contrary, he seems to want me to go out and have a game of snow-ball with him."

She throws a shawl round her and comes to the door. The collie was hers before we were married, and she is almost as fond of him. I tell her, as she is of Jack, our eldest boy.

"Laddie, Laddie!" she calls; "come in, sir."

He comes obediently at her call, but refuses to enter the house, and pursues the same dumb pantomime he has already tried on me.

"I shall shut him out, Jessie," I say; "a night in the snow won't hurt him," and I prepare to close the door.

"You will do nothing of the kind," she replies, with an anxious look; "but you will rouse the servants at once and follow him. Some one is lost in the snow, and Laddie knows it."

I laugh.

"Really, Jessie, you are absurd. Laddie is a sagacious animal, no doubt, but I cannot believe he is as clever as that. How can he possibly know whether any one is lost in the snow or not?"

"Because he has found them, and come back to us for help. Look at him now."

I cannot but own that the dog seems restless and uneasy, and is evidently endeavoring to coax us to follow him; he looks at us with pathetic entreaty in his eloquent eyes. "Why won't you believe me?" he seems to ask.

"Come," she continues; "you know you could not rest while there was a possibility of a fellow creature wanting your assistance. And I am certain Laddie is not deceiving us."

What is a poor hen-pecked man to do? I grumble and resist and yield; as I have often grumbled and resisted and yielded before, and as I doubtless often shall again.

"Laddie once found a man in the snow before, but he was dead," Jessie says, as she hurries off to fill a flask with brandy, and get ready some blankets for us to take with us. In the meantime I rouse the servants. They are all dazed

lish, with the exception of Donald the gardener, and I can see that they are scoffingly skeptical of Laddie's sagacity, and inwardly disgusted at having to turn out of their warm beds and face the bitter winter's night.

"Dinna trouble yersels," I hear old Donald say. "The mistress is right enough. Auld Laddie is cleverer than mony a Christian, and will find something in the snow this night."

"Don't sit up, Jessie," I say, as we start; "we may be out half the night on this wild-goose chase."

"Follow Laddie closely," is the only answer she makes.

The dog springs forward with a joyous bark, constantly looking back to see if we are following. As we pass through the avenue gates and emerge on to the moor, the moon struggles for a moment through the driving clouds, and lights up with a sickly gleam the snow-clad country before us.

"It's like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay, sir," says John, the coachman, confidentially, "to think as we should find anybody on such a night as this. Why, in some places the snow is more than a couple o' feet thick, and it goes again' reason to think that a dumb animal would have the sense to come home and fetch help."

"Bide a wee, bide a wee," says old Donald. "I dinna ken what your English dogs can do; but a collie, though it hasna been pleasing to Providence to give the creature the gift o' speech, can do mony mair things than them that would deride it."

"I ain't a deridin' o' em," says John. "I only say as how if they be ever so clever, I've never seen it."

"Ye wull, though, ye wull," said old Donald, as he hurries forward after Laddie, who has now settled down into a swinging trot, and is taking his way straight across the loneliest part of the bleak moor.

The cold wind almost cuts us in two, and whirles the snow into our faces, nearly blinding us. My finger-tips are becoming numbed, icicles hang from my mustache and beard, and my feet and legs are soaking wet, even through my shooting-boots and stout leather leggings.

The moon has gone in again, and the light from the lantern we carry is barely sufficient to show us the inequalities in the height of the snow, by which we are guessing at our path. I began to wish I had stayed at home, and I begin to consider whether I may venture to give up the search (which I have undertaken purely to satisfy my wife, for I am like John, and won't believe in Laddie), when suddenly I hear a shout in front of me, and see Donald, who has all the time been keeping close to Laddie, drop on his knees and begin digging wildly in the snow with his hands. We all rush forward. Laddie has stopped at what appears to be the foot of a stunted tree, and after scratching and whining a moment, sits down and watches, leaving the rest to us. What is it that appears when we have shoveled away the snow? A dark object. Is it a bundle of rags? Is it—or alas! was it a human being? We raise it carefully and tenderly, and wrap it in one of the warm blankets with which my wife's forethought has provided us.

"Bring the lantern," I say, huskily, and John holds it over the prostrate form of, not as we might have expected, some stalwart shepherd of the hills, but over that of a poor, shriveled, wrinkled, ragged old woman. I try to pour a little brandy down the poor old throat, but the teeth are so firmly clinched that I cannot.

"Best get her home as quickly as may be, sir; the mistress will know better what to do, if so be the poor creature is not past help," says John, turning instinctively, as we all do in sickness or trouble, to woman's aid.

So we improvise a sort of hammock of the blankets, and gently and tenderly the men prepare to carry their poor, helpless burden over the snow.

"I am afraid your mistress will be in bed," I say, as we begin to retrace our steps.

"Never fear, sir," says Donald, with a triumphant glance at John; "the mistress will be up and waitin' for us. She kens Laddie didna bring us out in the snow for naething."

"I'll never say nought about believin' a dawg again," says John, gracefully striking his colors. "You were right and I was wrong, and that's all about it; but to think there should be such sense in an animal passes me!"

As we reach the avenue gate, I dispatch one of the men for the doctor, who fortunately lives within a stone's throw of us, and hurry on myself to prepare my wife for what is coming. She runs out into the hall to meet me.

"Well?" she asks, eagerly.

"We have found a poor old woman," I say; "but I do not know whether she is alive or dead."

My wife throws her arms around me and gives me a great hug.

"You will find dry things in your dressing-room, dear," she says; and this is all the revenge she takes on me for my skepticism. The poor old woman is carried up stairs and placed in a warm bath under my wife's direction; and before the doctor arrives she has shown some faint symptoms of life; so my wife sends me word. Dr. Bruce shakes his head when he sees her.

"Poor old soul," he says; "how came she out on the moor on such a fearful night? I doubt she has received a shock, which at her age she will not easily get over."

They manage, however, to force a few spoonfuls of hot brandy-and-water down her throat; and presently a faint color flickers on her cheek, and the poor old eyelids begin to tremble. My wife raises her head and makes her swallow some cordial which Dr. Bruce has brought with him, and then lays her back among the soft warm pillows.

"I think she will rally now," says Dr. Bruce, as her breathing becomes more audible and regular. "Nourishment and warmth will do the rest, but she has received a shock from which, I fear, she will never recover," and so saying, he takes his leave.

By-and-bye I go up to the room and find my wife watching alone by the aged sufferer. She looks up at me with tears in her eyes.

"Poor old soul," she says; "I am afraid she will not rally from the cold and exposure."

I go round to the other side of the bed and look down upon her. The aged face looks wan and pinched, and the scanty gray locks which lie on the pillow are still wet from the snow. She is a very little woman, as far as I can judge of her in her recumbent position, and I should think must have reached her allotted three score years and ten.

"Who can she be?" I repeat, wonderingly. "She does not belong to any of the villages hereabouts, or we should know her face; and I cannot imagine what could bring a stranger to the moor on such a night."

As I speak a change passes over her face; the eyes unclose, and she looks inquiringly about her. She tries to speak, but is evidently too weak. My wife raises her and gives her a spoonful of nourishment, while she says soothingly: "Don't try to speak. You are among friends; and when you are better you shall tell us all about yourself. Lie still now and try to sleep."

The gray head drops back wearily on the pillow; and soon we have the satisfaction of hearing by the regular respiration that our patient is asleep.

"You must come to bed now, Jessie," I say. "I shall ring for Mary, and she can sit up for the remainder of the night."

But my wife, who is a tender-hearted soul and a born nurse, will not desert her post; so I leave her watching, and retire to my solitary chamber.

When we meet in the morning I find that the little old woman has spoken a few words, and seems stronger.

"Come in with me now," says my wife, "and let us try to find out who she is."

We find her propped into a reclining posture with pillows, and Mary beside her feeding her.

"How are you now?" asks Jessie, bending over her.

"Better, much better, thank you, good lady," she says, in a voice which trembles from age as well as weakness. "And very grateful to you for your goodness."

I hear at once by the accent that she is English.

"Are you strong enough to tell me how you got lost on the moor, and where you came from, and where you were going?" continues my wife.

"Ah! I was going to my lad, my poor lad, and now I doubt I shall never see him more," says the poor soul, with a long sigh of weariness.

"Where is your lad, and how far have you come?"

"My lad is a soldier at Fort George; and I have come all the way from Liverpool to see him, and give him his old mother's blessing before he goes to the Indies."

And then, brokenly, with long pauses of weariness and weakness, the little old woman tells us her pitiful story.

Her lad, she tells us, is her only remaining child. She had six, and this, the youngest, is the only one who did not die of want during the Lancashire cotton famine. He grew up a fine, likely boy, the comfort and pride of his mother's heart, and the stay of her declining years. But a strike threw him out of work, and unable to endure the privation and misery, in a fit of desperation he "listed." His regiment was quartered at Fort George, and he wrote regularly to his mother, his letters getting more cheerful and hopeful every day,

until suddenly he wrote to say that his regiment was ordered to India, and begging her to send him her blessing, as he had not enough money to carry him to Liverpool to see her. The aged mother, widowed and childless, save for this one remaining boy, felt that she must look on his face once more before she died. She begged from a few ladies, whose kindness had kept her from the workhouse, sufficient money to carry her by train to Glasgow; and from thence she had made her way, now on foot, now begging a lift in a passing cart or wagon, to within a few miles of Fort George, when she was caught in a snow-storm, and wandering from the road, would have perished in the snow—but for Laddie.

My wife is in tears, and Mary is sobbing audibly as the little old woman concludes her simple story; and I walk to the window and look out for a moment before I am able to ask her what her son's name is. As I tell her we are but a few miles from Fort George, and that I will send over for him, a smile of extreme content illumines the withered face.

"His name is John Salter," she says; "he is a tall, handsome lad, they will know him by that."

I hasten down stairs, and write a short note to Colonel Freeman, whom I know intimately, informing him of the circumstances, and begging that he will allow John Salter to come over at once, and I dispatch my groom in the dogcart that he may bring him back without loss of time. As I return to the house, after seeing him start, I meet Dr. Bruce leaving the house.

"Poor old soul," he says; "her troubles are nearly over; she is sinking fast. I almost doubt whether she will live till her son comes."

"How she could have accomplished such a journey, at her age, I cannot understand," I observe.

"Nothing is impossible to a mother," answers Dr. Bruce; "but it has killed her."

I go in; but I find I cannot settle to my usual occupations. My thoughts are with the aged heroine who is dying up stairs, and presently I yield to the fascination which draws me back to her presence.

As Dr. Bruce says, she is sinking fast. She lies back on the pillows, her cheeks as ashy gray as her hair. She clasps my wife's hand in hers, but her eyes are wide open, and have an eager, expectant look in them.

"At what time may we expect them?" whispers my wife to me.

"Not before four," I answer in the same tone.

"He will be too late, I fear," she says; "she is getting rapidly weaker."

But love is stronger than death, and she will not go until her son comes. All through the winter's day she lies dying, obediently taking what nourishment is given to her, but never speaking, except to say:

"My lad, my lad! God is good; He will not let me die until he comes."

And at last I hear the dogcart. I lay my finger on my lip and tell Mary to go and bring John Salter up very quietly. But my caution is needless; the mother has heard the sound, and with a last effort of her remaining strength she raises herself and stretches out her arms.

"My lad! my lad!" she gasps, as with a great sob he springs forward, and mother and son are clasped in each other's arms once more.

For a moment they remain so. Then the little old woman sinks back on my wife's shoulder, and her spirit is looking down from heaven on the lad she loved so dearly on earth.

She lies in our little churchyard under a spreading yew-tree, and on the stone which marks her resting-place are inscribed the words: "Faithful unto Death."

Our Laddie has gained far-spread renown for his good works; and as I sit finishing this short record of a tale of which he is the hero, he lies at my feet, our ever watchful, faithful companion and friend.

## How Marbles are Made.

There is something very ingenious in the manufacture of marbles. The greater part of them are made of a hard stone found near Ceburg, in Saxony. The stone is first broken with a hammer into small, cubical fragments, and about a hundred or a hundred and fifty of these are ground at one time in a mill, something like a flour-mill. The lower stone, which remains at rest, has several concentric circular grooves; the upper stone is of the same diameter as the lower, and is made to revolve by water or wind power. Minute streams of water are directed into the furrows of the lower stone. The little pieces are made to roll about in all directions, and in a quarter of an hour the whole of the rough fragments are reduced into nearly accurate spheres.

## ANOTHER SEA SERPENT.

### The Story Told by the Captain of a Coasting Vessel—What a Helmsman Saw—A Man to the Windward.

The captain of the coasting vessel Mary B., which sailed last summer between Castine, Maine, and the different ports in Massachusetts and Connecticut, tells a thrilling story of his experience last July with what he believes to be the identical monster seen in Massachusetts bay recently, and furnishes for proof the names of the first and second mates and cook of the vessel. He says they started in ballast from Boston for Portsmouth, N. H., where they arrived all right and without accident. On the way, however, the first night out, the boy, who was taking his "trick" at the helm, called for the watch below, and when they came up he was found to be almost speechless, but he succeeded in telling them the particulars, as he was either cognizant of them or fancied he was, of a singular occurrence. He stated that as the vessel was going along under easy sail, the wheel needing little attention, he felt a slight shock and the vessel paused a little. He went to the bow, and, swinging out on the bowsprit, looked eagerly about him. For some time he saw nothing at all to explain the blow or shock received by the vessel. Still he did not relax his attention. At first he thought the schooner had struck a floating spar, or, probably, a boat. On the supposition that it might be an abandoned boat he kept up a keen watch. Fully ten minutes elapsed before he could put about and go as near as he could judge to the spot where he had noticed the shock. Here nothing rewarded him for his trouble, and he again brought the vessel about and headed her in the direction formerly held. He had not long to wait for something else to disturb his mind. Just as he concluded that his imagination had cheated him some dark object rose up from the water as high, at least, as ten feet, not far aft of the vessel off to the starboard. It seemed to him that the water was aglow for a minute, so brilliant was the phosphorescence. By this and by a dim light in the galley he saw, or fancied he saw, a writhing shape which he said swayed to and fro as nearly as he could see for a minute perhaps. The vessel was running before the wind with a free breeze, and soon had left the spot. As soon as he recovered from his surprise he summoned the watch, with whom came up the captain. All hands thought this a "longshore" trick to get rid of the wheel. The boy protested that he had seen what he stated. At Portsmouth he was discharged, it being believed that he was too tricky, and, as the captain says, "told too big stories even for a sailor."

On the return trip a cargo of tanbark was taken from Castine, or some other small port, for Boston. The bark was loaded both in the hold and on deck, the pens being short and the weather having indications of being pleasant. On the second night out the second mate had the wheel. Toward dusk it came on to blow, and by the time darkness set in there was considerable of a chopping sea. In the middle of the night the sea increased. Some of the tanbark began to wash over the rail. He saw that a loss of part of the cargo must occur unless it was shifted. The captain was called, and also Jones, who was hired to cook and do duty also. All hands, except the captain, who took the wheel, were busy at work, when suddenly they heard what sounded like a man to the windward. Each of the men heard the sound. The captain cried out: "Halloa!" There came no answer but the sound of the waves and the wind. Sailors are naturally superstitious, and before the rest of the deck cargo was disposed of a few words of inquiry and comment passed. The mate Zeidman cried out: "Look there!" The vessel had all her lower sails set. To the leeward something was seen by the contrast to the dim outline of the sail to rear itself in the water. The waves were lashed into foam and the same low sound, which now seemed more guttural than before, was again heard. The object reared and almost instantly disappeared, but not until all were satisfied that they had seen what is now both an object of interest and terror to the pleasure seekers along the Eastern coast.

## He Burned His Fingers.

A New York hotel keeper with a great amount of self-confidence than good judgment went down to Wall street a few weeks ago with \$70,000. Of course the brokers were glad to see him. They had long been in search of just such a man. They gave him "puts," "calls," "straddles" and ever so many other things alleged to be good for making money, and after he had meddled with them three weeks he found he had only five dollars left of his \$70,000. He put crape on his hat, and left the bull and bear precinct never to return. He also put a mortgage on his hotel!

## Death of "Captain Jack."

A correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle thus gives the particulars of the death of a somewhat famous Western rover: Last month, while traveling through southern Idaho, I camped one night on Mud creek, near the Snake river, and turned my horse out with those of two freighters to nibble the scanty blades of bunch grass on the sagebrush desert. Near by stood a hodink, or cabin, occupied by two men of perhaps fifty-five or sixty years of age. They were partners in a mining claim, and having just received a couple of kegs of the "water of all evil" from Boise City, they were having a sort of blow-out. Both claimed New York city as their birthplace. One of them, William S. Maynard, had been a clerk in the New York post-office years ago, and ever since had been knocking around the Pacific coast. The other was known throughout Idaho as "Captain Jack," chief of the Modocs. He seemed to be a very intelligent man in his way, and related many incidents concerning the early history of California—in fact, he seemed to be better posted in regard to early times in the Golden State than any writer whose works I have as yet run across. He claimed to have first landed in San Francisco in 1844; to have begun one of the originators of the bear flag, and afterward one of the first to hoist the stars and stripes. James McKeever, he said, was his real name, and that he had a wife and children still living at Santa Rosa, and a brother at New Bedford, Mass. The next morning I went off in the sagebrush about six or eight miles to hunt my horse, and when I returned, old man Maynard came out of the cabin and volunteered the information that he had shot Captain Jack, saying that the latter drew his pistol on him, and that he [Maynard] then blazed away with his shot-gun. I entered the cabin and found that Maynard had told the truth. There on the bed lay Captain Jack with the right side of his neck shot away, and his six shooter lying across his stomach. Maynard claimed that Captain Jack started in to shoot him, and that he simply saved himself by getting in the first shot. A justice of the peace was summoned, who justified the shooting, and we gave Captain Jack as decent a burial as was possible in that isolated and uncivilized locality.

## Pressing Flowers.

The little schoolma'am, a few days ago, was showing the children how to press flowers; and she passed around two specimens, in perfect condition, which were pressed last summer. Perhaps your Jack may as well give you a hint of it.

Her plan is to take a sheet of thin cotton-bating and lay the flowers carefully on it, covering them with another sheet, and then putting the whole under slight pressure. Sometimes, when the flowers are thick, and contain a good deal of moisture, she puts them in fresh cotton the next day, and after that does not disturb them. But in pressing nearly all the small flowers, the cotton need not be changed at all, and not even opened until the flowers are preserved.

I noticed that the little schoolma'am pressed flowers had a soft, bright look. She groups the long-stemmed ones prettily in vases, or lays them between sheets of thin glass, and hangs them in her windows in the winter, she says. They haven't at all the poor, pinched, faded, flattened look of flowers prepared in other ways.

The little schoolma'am presses green leaves and ribbon-grass in the same way, keeping their color perfectly; and she told the children that when they wanted to pile a number of these double cotton layers together, it was better to lay a sheet of blotting-paper in between the sets. Sometimes she lays tissue paper between the flowers and the cotton; but it is of the thinnest kind.—*St. Nicholas Magazine.*

## Saved by a Parasol.

The Milfordville (Ga.) Reporter says: A little colored girl, nine years of age, daughter of Samuel Phelps, was passing over the railroad bridge which spans Fishing creek near the depot, with a large parasol stretched over her head, when the blast struck her, and in a moment she was swept off the bridge and was falling to the earth sixty feet below. A lady who saw the affair from a short distance off, says that she went down hanging to the umbrella which was stretched over her head like a parachute. The handle broke just before she reached the ground. Several persons went to her assistance immediately, and were doubtless surprised to find her alive. She was not only alive, but comparatively little injured, as the doctor who attended her, told the writer that her worst injury was a severe sprain of one of her ankles, with possibly a fracture of one of the smaller bones. Her preservation from death is probably owing to the fact that the parasol acted as a parachute, and that she fell on a low bush three or four feet high.



## Providence Independent.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.  
THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1877.

Subscribers who fail to receive their papers regularly will please notify us of the same.

### Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 19, 77.

I do not know if Washington is infested with office-seekers the year round, but they have not yet departed. Perhaps they constitute one of the ingredients of the society here which is well called "transient," though many of the Col. Seller's stamp might be known as "permanents" by this time. There is an eager-never-resting-from-their-labor class of these unfortunate who are just now cutting their own heads off by intruding upon the President in the sanctity of his private summer residence that he has but recently begun to occupy. Not content with interviewing him at the White House where he spends a portion of each day, these political suicides follow him into the presence of his wife and children and guests, probably with an idea that a womanly element will tend to render the Chief Magistrate too tender hearted to refuse the granting of an office to even the most preposterous seeker thereof. Whereas, the truth is, as has been announced publicly, that no applications presented except during office hours and at official quarters will receive any attention whatever; while those so presented are filed at the several Departments and bide their time to receive notice, having, at least, possibility of being attended to in the course of time.

As soon as it was announced that work was to be resumed in the Navy Yards, the Secretary of the Navy was so besieged with applications for positions and employment, and these were so long continued, that he was obliged to issue a card to the effect that the time for application for positions in the Naval Department is closed and that persons hereafter seeking places at Navy Yards must apply to the Commandants thereof, as personal applications for positions obstructs the proper business of the Department. He also declines to interfere in any way with appointments to places in any of the other Departments.

Conjectures are rife concerning the next Presidency. The last rumor, which must be admitted as sensational, is that General Grant will be a candidate. Although the General has once and again declared that the burdens of official life shall never again find a resting place upon his devoted shoulders well-informed parties claim that his speech to the London working-men was the opening of the campaign and intended to give its key-note, as Americans say. Many consider that Blaine had materially injured his 1880 cause by his recent taking up of arms against the Administration, and politicians of both parties concur in the opinion that our Republic will be under Democratic Government for the next twenty-five years at least.

The subject of establishing a great National University at the Capital is being agitated and advised as a piece of sound political economy. Attention has for the past decade, been paid to the improvement of the city by means of the adornment of parks and public squares, the erection of statues and monuments, the enlargement of public buildings, the instituting of art galleries and the like, so that the great want now felt is for a grand educational institution that would draw and keep in our midst the refined and educated the literary and scientific, thereby rendering the National Capitol the centre of attraction in America, and second to no Capitol on the globe.

Since Sir Edward Thornton has been away, many things have been reported concerning him, which, if true, place him in an unenviable position and will make his anticipated absence from our society in the future a matter of congratulation rather than regret. Recently a statement was made showing how the architect who finished the beautiful residence known as the British Legation, was thrown into bankruptcy by Sir Edward Thornton's refusal to pay him for his work, and now other instances are coming to light showing even smaller meanness than that on the part of the English nobleman.

## Great Railroad Strike.

THE STRIKERS AT MARTINSBURG.  
BALTIMORE, July 17.

Late last night First Vice President King telegraphed to Governor H. M. Matthews of West Virginia, at Wheeling, that the trains of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company had been stopped at Martinsburg by the strikers on a strike for wages, who had driven from the engines those who were willing to work on the company's terms; that the strikers had been taken from the trains in both directions are held by a mob, and the town authorities were powerless to suppress the riot. Mr. King therefore applied for such aid as would enable the company to transact its business with regularity and safety. The answer of Governor Matthews was as follows:

WHEELING, July 17—12:19 A. M.—There are two military companies at Martinsburg, armed and supplied with ammunition. I have telegraphed my aide-de-camp, Colonel C. J. Faulkner, to aid the authorities with the companies to execute the law and suppress the riot. I will do all I can to preserve the peace and secure the safety to your train and railroad operations. Colonel Faulkner is directed to look also to Opequan.

HENRY M. MATTHEWS.

A freight train from the West bound for Locust Point, composed of eighteen cars loaded with miscellaneous freight was thrown off the track at the Gas House switch, South Baltimore, at 3 o'clock this morning. This is supposed to have been the work of the strikers. The engine and several cars were thrown off the track. The cars were badly broken. The engine took fire from the fire in the furnace, and the engine was much injured by burning. The track was soon cleared and the way made open for the trains to pass. The burning engine caused an alarm of fire. The engineer and fireman were slightly injured. The company will offer a large reward for the apprehension and conviction of the persons committing the outrage.

## THE LABOR REVOLT.

BLOODY RIOT IN BALTIMORE.

A BATTLE IN THE STREETS.

BALTIMORE, July 20.

To-night all the interest in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad strike centres in Baltimore and Cumberland, Maryland. Governor Carroll came to Baltimore this morning, and was assured of the grave state of affairs at Cumberland, where a mob had assembled and used abusive language towards two companies of United States troops, commanded by Captain Litchfield, who remained in the cars. The troops had not been called to operate in Maryland, and were merely en route to Keyser, West Virginia, where it was expected they would be needed to quell an insurrection in that State. The commands had been notified on Wednesday that there might be need for their services, and the signal for assembly at their armories was the City Hall bell striking 1-5-1.

THE ALARM SOUNDED.

This alarm was sounded at 6.30 p. m., and, with the soldiers, it drew to the vicinity of the armories immense crowds of men, many of them with dinner buckets in hand coming from their work. The crowd was especially large at the Sixth Regiment Armory, which is on the corner of Front and Fayette streets, opposite the shot tower. The Sixth Regiment is composed largely of workmen. The crowd jeered and stoned the soldiers. Cheers were given for the strikers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, developing a great sympathy among the crowd, which grew greater every minute. Stones were thrown at the armory and nearly all the windows broken. Finally, at 8 o'clock, three companies of the regiment, numbering 120 men, under Captain Tuppee, of Company B, attempted to move out of the armory and were stoned in the vestibule by the crowd pressing over the sidewalks. The column staggered and fell back, unwilling to use their breach loaders or bayonets, which were fixed. Finally, the column issued forth again and were again greeted with a shower of cobblestones from the pavement, which had been torn up in front of the armory.

THE SOLDIERS FIRE.

The soldiers fired on the mob and the first volley killed one man outright. Two other volleys were fired and the crowd scattered. One company went by way of Fayette street and the others by Front street to Baltimore street, all the way on the road up to the Camden depot. The militia marched without music, at a very rapid pace, turning to fire right and left as they were assaulted with stones. Ten persons were left dead or wounded on Baltimore street, several of them being newsboys who had been crying the afternoon newspapers. Of course the street was quickly cleared and the militia passed on to the depot, where they were to join the Fifth Regiment from the up-town armory.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The following are the names of the dead as far as ascertained: Thomas B.

Fyrne, Register of the Fifth Ward, shot in the head and killed instantly, aged 40 years, resided on Gay street; Wm. Horan, newsboy, aged 14, shot in the head and killed instantly at the corner of Baltimore and Holiday St.; Lewis Zwarowitch, a young man, a shoemaker, lived at No. 4 Albemarle street; Cornelius Murphy, shot through the spinal column, aged 23 years; Patrick Gill, a stranger, had been here only a few days and was living at No. 9 South Front Street, shot in the groin; John H. Frank, aged 33, clerk in his father's grocery store, 88 South Central avenue, shot through the heart. The other bodies were not identified. At this hour, 2.45 a. m., it is ascertained positively that ten were killed.

THE WOUNDED.

James Roke, aged 25, laborer in bottling establishment, shot through the buttock, the ball coming out in the groin, dangerously; George Kemp, junkster, aged 23, shot through the thigh at the corner of Baltimore and Frederick streets while on his way home, seriously; Carey Williams, 117 East Pratt street, abdomen, dangerous; Michael Ehlman, boy, North Bond St. back, not dangerous; Jacob Wagner 42 South High Street, back of the head, not dangerous. Ten rioters were arrested to-night by Officers of the Southern Police Station. It is said that several seriously shot were taken to their homes, of whom no account can be had to-night. A number of soldiers were also wounded.

THE STRIKE SPREADS.

THE PAN HANDLE, PITTSBURG, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO, AND BALTIMORE AND OHIO HANDS OF THE IRON CITY JOIN.

PITTSBURG, July 20.

The result of to-day's work of the strikers shows that they are more powerful and determined than was supposed. The entire Sixth Division, National Guards of Pennsylvania, which includes the Fourteenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth Regiments, Knapp and Hutchison Batteries and Jefferson Cavalry, is out. They have little to do, for unless violence is used they cannot interfere. The strikers work quietly, with little intimidation and no force. They jump on an engine, tell the engineer they are on a strike and ask him to help them, which he does. The strike this afternoon and to-night has extended to the Pan Handle, Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago, and Baltimore and Ohio Railroads branching from here. The Pan Handle authorities sent nearly all their crews to Dennison to prevent them from striking, but it had no effect, as the strike was inaugurated there. The Pan Handle has now only one crew between here and Dennison. The first move of the strikers on the Baltimore and Ohio was made at 10 o'clock to-night. Strikers from other roads went over, stopped a couple of trains should go out. The officers, knowing themselves powerless, acquiesced immediately, and countermanded the orders for departing trains. At Torrens Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, eight miles from Union Depot, five hundred miners assembled to-night to aid the railroad men, and said if more were needed they would get them. Not a single freight train has been sent out to-day, and in the yard are six hundred cars of perishable stuff. Some of it was unloaded and the contents sold at a sacrifice. The West Pennsylvania Railroad and the Allegheny Valley Road are the only one not included in the strike.

Later reports state that the strike is still spreading, the mob having beaten the soldiers by main force, have now complete control of the city of Pittsburgh. The strike has extended all along the line to Philadelphia, and the troops there are under arms. And the end is not yet.

THE READING RAILROAD ARRAIGNED FOR MURDER.

POTTSVILLE, July 21.—The Coroner made his return to the District Attorney this afternoon in the Wadesville mine disaster of May 9, at which time eight miners were killed. It states that the mine was worked contrary to an act of Assembly on coal mining. General Pleasants, chief engineers; Jonathan Bowen, superintendent; E. Herbert and Wm. Watkins, bosses (all in the employ of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company), were each required to furnish five thousand dollars bail for their appearance at the next court.

GENERAL NEWS.

The striking silk weavers at Pater-son, N. J., have offered to compromise for one half the advance originally demanded. Two mills have begun work.

Ex-Treasurer Cardozo, of South Carolina, was arrested Columbia, South Carolina, Saturday, on a charge of misappropriation and held in \$20,000 for appearance at the October term of Court.

A female, who in 1829 was forty-two years of age, and resided at Pynacre, near Delph, had, from disease, not eaten anything since 1818 nor drank anything since 1820; total exhaustion was prevented by damp wrappers.

JAMES R. SNOOK.

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—AND—

Carriage Trimmer,  
FREELAND, PA.

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HARNESS !!

Manufactured at reasonable prices.

REPAIRING

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COLLARS, SHEETS, LAMP COVERS, FLY NETS &c.

Kept constantly on hand. Patronage kindly solicited.

T. J. BAKER,

75 Main St., Next to Herald Office,

NORRISTOWN, PA.

Take this method of announcing to his friends and the public generally, that he has on hand a large and varied assortment of harness suitable for all kinds of business, which will be sold at very low figures for cash. A harness of all kinds made to order at short notice. Track harness and horse boots a specialty. Blind halter of every description. Full stock of collars, whips, reins, horse coats, sheets, &c. Harness oils, soaps, &c., always on hand. Parties in need of any goods in this line are invited to give him a call, as he is selling very low for cash.

NEW SHOE STORE!

The undersigned would announce to the public that he has opened a NEW SHOE STORE.

IN TRAPPE,

At his old stand (Beaver's Building). He intends keeping a large and varied stock of

BOOTS, SHOES & GAITERS,

For gentlemen and ladies' wear, and also the different kinds of

CHILDREN'S SHOES!

It is his purpose to suit purchasers both in quality and price.

OVER-SHOES.

Also PATENT POLISH for ladies shoes.

Patent Gaiter Buttons,

Give him a trial before purchasing elsewhere.

F. B. RUSHONG.

Established 1855.

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Patents procured in all countries. NO FEE IN ADVANCE. No charge unless the patent is granted. No fees for making preliminary examinations. Special attention given to Inventions. Cases before the Patent Office. Extensions before Congress. Infringement Suits in different States. All litigation pertaining to Inventions of Patents. SEND STAMP FOR FAMILIAR OF SIXTY PAGES.

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Claims presented in the Supreme Court of the United States, Court of Claims, Court of Commissioners of the Land Office, Southern Claims Commission, and all classes of war claims before the Executive Departments.

Attorneys of Pay and Bounty.

OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, and SAILORS of the late war, or of their heirs, are many cases entitled to money from the Government, of which they have no knowledge. Write full history of service, and state amount of pay and bounty received. Enclose stamp, and a full reply, after examination, will be given you free.

Pensions.

All OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, and SAILORS wounded, captured, or injured in the late war, however slightly, can obtain a pension, many now receiving pensions are entitled to an increase. Send stamp and information will be furnished free. Claimants, whose attorneys have been suspended, will be gratuitously furnished with full information and proper papers on application to us.

As we charge no fee unless successful, stamps for return postage should be sent us.

United States General Land Office.

Contested Land Claims, Private Land Claims, Mining Pre-emption and Homestead Cases, prosecuted before the General Land Office and Department of the Interior.

Old Bounty Land Warrants.

We pay cash for them. Where assignments are imperfect, we give instructions to perfect them.

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We act as attorneys for such in procuring contracts, making collections, negotiating loans, and attending to all business confided to us.

Liberal arrangements made with attorneys in all classes of business.

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P. O. Box 44, Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C., November 24, 1876.

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GEO. H. B. WHITE,

(Cashier of the National Metropolitan Bank)

Wholesale and Retail

SHOE AND LEATHER STORE

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Assignee's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Augustus Christman, of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, Montgomery County, and Mary, his wife, by deed of voluntary assignment have assigned all the estate, real and personal, to Henry W. Kratz, of Trappe, in said county, in trust, for the benefit of the creditors of the said Augustus Christman. All persons therefore indebted to said Augustus Christman, will make payment to said assignee, and the charging claims or demands will make no claim without delay.

H. W. KRATZ,

Assignee for Augustus Christman and wife

Trappe P. O., Montgomery Co., Pa.

Trappe, June 4 1877-6t.

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Parties, Pic-nics, Weddings, Festivals, Fairs &c. supplied at short notice and on reasonable terms.

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SEWING MACHINES !!

PRICE, \$32.

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Tip-top Family Flour,

RYE FLOUR,

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CHOP CORN, WHEAT BRAN,

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Cake Meal !!

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Coal, Posts and Rails, etc. etc. Market prices paid for prime Wheat, Rye, Corn and Oats.

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Choice Wines, Liquors and Segars always on hand. Good accommodations for farmers, drovers, &c.

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I good three spring butcher wagon, with pole, 1 good farm wagon, 3 lot wagons, 1 good express wagon, all in good order and for sale at reasonable figures. Apply to

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Having considerable experience in the cigar manufacturing business, I feel confident that my cigars will meet the various demands of my customers. Give me a trial!

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## FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

### Hens One Year Old.

The best laying hens are those one year old—fowls that were hatched the previous season in April and May. Hens two and three years old lay about twenty-five per cent. less eggs than those but one year old; consequently the best way for all fowl-breeders is to raise chickens every season to be the layers of the next year; and to kill all the old stock regularly between December and February of each year. It is doubtful whether it be profitable to keep fowls without a run for them over grass land. A small yard with grass in it soon becomes soiled and the grass all picked off; and then the hens begin to lay fewer eggs, and the result generally is that there is no profit in fowls thus confined. It seems to be the nature of barnyard fowls to require a moderate run of some twenty or thirty rods from their roosting house, to keep them active and healthy by searching for insects. A dozen hens and one cock in a quarter acre yard would do well; but if confined in a yard twenty or thirty feet square they would not be profitable, unless their feed should almost entirely consist of the waste of the family table. From a hundred and a goose to a turkey and a half of grain is consumed in a year by every fowl at a cost of about \$1, when no waste from the table is given to them; and good breeds, as the Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, Leghorns and Hamburgs, will lay annually each about one hundred and fifty eggs, if not closely confined, worth in most places from \$2 to \$3. Then a family having fifteen or twenty fowls may have poultry to kill in the winter worth \$50 at least, by raising chickens and killing the surplus roosters and the old stock, as above stated; and thus poultry keeping is certainly profitable. The light Brahmas and Plymouth Rocks are much better table fowls than the Leghorns and Hamburgs, the latter being small and chiefly valuable for laying.—T. B. Miner, in *New York World*.

### The Size of Milk Pans.

Dairymen have of late years used large milk pans, in some cases a single pan being large enough to hold all the milk from fifteen or twenty cows. These pans are made by those who furnish dairymen's supplies, and are often advertised in the agricultural papers. When such pans are used, it is best to have a milk-room so constructed that water may be kept around the pans. Mr. Willard, the most experienced man in dairy matters in the United States, says in the *Rural New Yorker*: "We prefer to have a pan of sufficient size to hold the milk of the entire dairy at one milking. Only four pans comprising the set would then be needed. These pans are arranged for running cold water under and about the sides of the milk. If running water from springs cannot be had, the water may be pumped from wells into a tank, and from that conducted to the space under the pans. Some persons use cistern water, the needed quantity from day to day being pumped into a tank, which receives a cake of ice sufficient to cool it and keep the milk in the pans at or below sixty degrees. The waste water, after flowing under the milk, is led back to the cistern, and by this constant circulation is kept sweet and sound. The plan works well, and excellent results in butter-making are obtained."

### Points of a Good Cow.

Professor Tanner says: The udder should be capacious, extending well behind the legs, and also forward under the belly; the coat should be thin, with a soft skin, and show considerable decrease in size after the cow is milked. The teats should be placed well apart from each other and not cramped together, for this indicates a want of sympathy in the udder. The udder may appear large and yet be found fleshy rather than capacious. Especial attention is desirable to the mellowness of the skin, and more particularly if the animal is poor. The milk vein is a sure indication of the quantity of blood supplied, and for all practical purposes may be taken as a guide.

### Requisites for a Newspaper Man.

Curtis Guild, in a lecture before the Boston newspaper men, said: "What then, some one may inquire, are the requisites for the newspaper business? An answer to this suggests itself to my mind in a reply, in somewhat powerful terms, I will admit, that I made to a pale, hollow-cheeked young man of twenty-two or three, who once waited upon me with an inquiry of a similar nature. He had a few thousand dollars, and had just graduated from college, and wanted to join with somebody to 'start a paper.' Start a paper! This is thought by almost every one outside the business one of the easiest and pleasantest things in the world to do—and so it is, if you have plenty of money to start with; but it is not the starting, but the keeping of it going at a profit, that calls for brains. I recall now the reply, probably prompted by a day's severe and exhausting work, when, after listening as patiently as possible to the young man's crude notions respecting a business in which he had no experience, he begged I would tell him, in as few words as possible, the qualifications necessary to prosecute the business successfully. He was somewhat startled by the assertion that they were as follows: A brain as flexible and elastic as steel, a memory as tenacious as iron, a temper even as that of a saint, a digestion equal to that of an ostrich, and the endurance of adamant."

## A SUMMARY OF NEWS.

### Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

A number of dealers in New York have been exposed for using false weights and measures, and an inspector has been arrested for being in collusion with them. At Charleston, S. C., George Stevens and David Pierce were hung for murdering a young man named Edings in May last. Robbery was the object of their crime. Bismarck asserts that mediation for peace between Russia and Turkey is impossible at present. The President will demand indemnity from Spain for outrages upon American vessels. A number of weavers on strike in Paterson, N. J., were arrested on a suit for damages for not finishing their warps according to contract. At Bloomfield, Mo., Poin-dexter Edmondson was hanged for the murder of one Shaw. He had been respited once, and asserted his innocence to the last. Near Murphysboro, Mo., a passenger train was thrown off the track and plunged into a creek, and every one of the passengers was injured, none dangerously. Bayard Taylor has been offered the Russian mission by the President.

In Montreal the bad feeling arising out of the celebration of the battle of the Boyer on the twelfth of July broke out afresh on the fourteenth, and a desperate fight took place between bodies of Orangemen and Catholics. One man was mortally wounded, and a mob of a kind had control of the city. Michael Cahill was knocked down by a brick thrown at him by Daniel Murphy in New York, and as he fell his head struck a stone, fracturing his skull and causing death in a short time. The two men had been on an all night spree together. A revolt against the government has broken out in San Domingo. By an explosion of the boiler attached to an ore mine near Macungie, Pa., three men were blown to pieces, five were fatally injured, and three were badly hurt. The suspension of the Butchers' and Druggists' laws of St. Louis is one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Milwaukee, Wis., committed suicide. A fearful tornado, accompanied by hailstones as large as hens' eggs, swept over Montague township, N. J., and did great damage to buildings, trees, crops and vegetation. At Paterson, N. J., Edward Holland, while under the influence of liquor, pulled out a pistol in the bar-room of a hotel and shot Henry Ellsworth, mortally wounding him. The Bank of St. Louis and the North Western Savings Association have been re-elected directors of the Paterson Fire Insurance Company, of Paterson, N. J., have asked to have a receiver appointed, as investigation disclosed the fact that the whole capital of the company is gone. The subscription to the new four per cent. loan aggregated \$68,000,000.

During a heavy thunder storm which visited New York and the surrounding country a number of persons were killed or injured by lightning and great damage was done to property. In Hudson county, N. J., Mrs. Sandow, a wealthy farmer's wife was in the fields with her child and a hired boy when the storm broke out. They ran for a shed near by, and had hardly reached it when the lightning struck the building, killing all three. It was decided at a meeting of the cabinet that the civil service law should be enforced, demanding the separation of Federal officeholders from all political associations, must be carried out without exception. At Drayton, Canada, a father and his two sons were suffocated by foul air in a well. In New York the firm of L. Blumgart & Co., importers of woolsens, failed with \$2,000,000 liabilities and hardly any assets. The Bremen Savings Bank, of St. Louis, has suspended. The heavy run to which many of the banks in St. Louis have been subjected lately has caused it. At Pittsburgh, Pa., a foundry and machine shops of A. Hartuppe were destroyed by fire, involving a loss of about \$800,000. Some of the employees of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad struck against the use of wages, and when other men were put on the strike they threatened to burn the place and attempted to prevent the going and coming of trains. At Martinsburg, West Virginia, a force of seventy-five troops were guarding a heavy freight train when it was stopped by the strikers and one soldier was wounded. The troops fired in return and killed one of the rioters, who then made repeated attacks upon the cars, but were repulsed, although they succeeded in cutting the couplings of the cars and preventing the progress of the train. An injunction has been granted restraining the City Five Cents Savings Bank, of Haverhill, Mass., from doing further business, as examination has revealed that its affairs are in a precarious condition.

William Anderson's residence near Worthville, Ky., was set on fire just before daylight, and a daughter of sixteen who went to the front door was fired upon, eleven shots taking effect upon her person and causing death soon after. The strike of some of the employees of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad having assumed such proportions in West Virginia that it could not be suppressed by the State authorities, Gov. Matthews, of that State, made applications to the President for Federal aid, and the secretary of war ordered Gen. French, with the troops of the regular army to proceed at once from Washington to the scene of violence. At Martinsburg, W. Va., the strikers numbered over 500, while at Grafton they were determined and desperate, destroying the company's property and threatening to resist any force sent to subdue them. A young man named Garcia, a wealthy young Cuban, who had recently arrived from Havana, shot himself through the head in a New York hotel. Insanity is thought to have been the cause of the murder. The National Cotton Exchange met in convention at Greenvale, Wis., Sulphur Springs, Va., Samuel J. Tilden has gone to Europe on a tour of rest and recreation, and will be away until October. A new official commission has been sent out to inspect the customs houses of the country for a special purpose. Two young men, Charles Cornell and Percy Heyward, were struck by lightning and killed while under a tree near New York. Three children of Charles Vincent, of Alfred, N. Y., a quantity of berries that had been picked near a pear tree had been sprinkled on potato bugs, and all three died. A number of blooded horses—one of them valued at \$10,000—in the stables of the Gentlemen's Driving Park Association, at Bergen county, N. J., were killed by lightning.

The strike on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad extended as far west as Chicago, and seventy-three locomotives were lying idle at Martinsburg, W. Va., although two trains were started upon the arrival of a body of United States troops in the town. Several of the ringleaders of the riotous strikers were arrested. A strike also occurred among the conductors and brakemen on the Pennsylvania railroad at Pittsburgh and vicinity, and every freight train which attempted to move was stopped. The strike was against a reduction of wages. The Elcho Shield was won by the Irish team at Wimbledon, they making 1,568 points out of a possible 1,800; England coming next with 1,464, and Scotland last with 1,439. At Auburn, Mass., Ellen Campbell, wife of a carpenter, was horribly murdered by James Mulcahy. The murderer broke each of the four limbs of his victim across his knee and pounded her head, fracturing the skull. She lived four hours to tell the story of the crime and name the murderer, who boasted of the act when arrested and was executed by hanging. The date of the general elections in France has been fixed for October 14. The shoe manufactory of T. A. Coolidge at West Marlboro, Mass., and a dwelling house, were destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at \$120,000, upon which there is an insurance

of \$74,000. Over two hundred hands were thrown out of employment by the fire. The schooner Dom Pedro, from Boston bound to St. John, N. B., was run into and sunk off Icon Island by the United States revenue cutter Grant, having on board the secretary of the treasury and other high government officials. Luckily no lives were lost. When the cashier of the People's Bank of Newport, P. I., opened the bank safe he discovered that the cash drawer had been robbed of \$5,000 in money and \$1,500 in bonds, while the bank presented the same appearance as when it had been closed the night before. Another revolt is brewing in Mexico, and Gen. Valdez, a leader in the interest of Lerdo, is recruiting on the American side for a movement across the border against the Diaz government. Jacob W. Holt, the oldest Old Fellow in the Western States, died at Lancaster, Ohio. A few of the Indians who revolted in Oregon and Idaho have surrendered.

### In the Woods of Nevada.

A book agent of this city has just returned from the Boney Lake country. The agent one day stopped at a cabin situated in the edge of the foot-hills. Before reaching the cabin about a dozen dogs of assorted sizes and unrecognizable breeds started up from under stunted pines or came running from sheds about the place, yelping and barking like a pack of coyotes. In the wake of the dogs swarmed forth seven or eight bareheaded, flaxen-haired children, plainly all of one breed—the forest breed. The juveniles were followed by a gaunt, saffron-complexioned woman of about forty. By cooking for many years before an open fireplace, she had become as effectually smoke-cured as any herring.

To the woman who thus appeared the agent made known his business. "Well, stranger, I'm afeared yer come to the wrong place, of yer got nothin' but books to sell. Ef yer had some powder or caps, or suthin' in the ammunition line, yer might sell some to my ole man. As fer books, stranger, we're not much on the read here."

"Could I see your husband, ma'am?" asked the book agent.

"Wall, stranger, I reckon yer could ef yer was whar he was; he's big enough to see."

"He's not at home, then?"

"Stranger, he's not at home."

"Will he be likely to return soon?"

"Can't say, stranger; he's a little on-sartin'."

"Which way has he gone? I may meet him somewhere in the settlement."

"I reckon not, stranger; he's gone out huntin'."

"Gone out hunting! What do you mean by that?"

"Wall, stranger, he tuck down the gun this mornin', and from a wink he gave me as he started away, I calculate he's gone off somewhars to bang a sheep or two."—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise*.

### Large Interest and Dividends.

The New York Dispatch says: The heaviest amount in the way of interest and dividends upon stock and bond securities paid to any one man in this city, and probably in the United States, if not in the world, is paid to William Vanderbilt. The total is estimated at over \$1,500,000 per quarter, or between \$3,000,000 and \$7,000,000 per annum, of which some \$4,000,000 is received from the bonds and stocks of the New York Central railroad. So vast a total income is believed to be, by those who have good means for knowing, without a parallel, except in the case of Mr. Vanderbilt's father, the commodore, who at times realized even a larger income than \$7,000,000.

### The Czar's Daily Life.

The Emperor of Russia has been leading a very simple life at Ploiesti. He worked without ceasing, signing hundreds of documents daily. Every document must be read over to him, for he will give no signature which is merely mechanical. To the entreaties of his servants to take things more easily he has always the same answer: "I am neither old enough nor ill enough to relieve myself from my obligations." The czar reached his fifty-ninth year on the twenty-third of June. His dinner is served regularly at twelve o'clock noon, after which he takes a drive, usually with the crown prince.

### The War Against Disease.

The war waged against disease by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters goes bravely on. Dispatches are constantly received from the cured indicating the decisive nature of the advantages obtained by the great botanical cure over formidable adversaries. Malarial fever, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness and rheumatic ailments invariably yield to this conqueror and preventer of disease. For the infirmities incident to the decline of life it is also an excellent specific. It hastens convalescence and repairs the ravages of ill health by facilitating the conversion of food into blood of a rich and nourishing quality. The appetite is improved by it, and in cases of nervous disease it tranquillizes that great sensorium, the brain, far more effectively than any mineral sedative.

I have sold Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup for five years. It has by the best of all cough remedies I keep. The sale has steadily increased from its first introduction. Having seen it so thoroughly tested, I feel safe in recommending it to my customers.

M. P. SHERMAN, St. Louis, Wayne Co., N. Y. P. S.—I have customers who say they cannot live without it. I will refer any who may inquire to the parties direct.

Physicians of high standing unhesitatingly give their indorsement to the use of the Graefenberg-Marshall's Catholicon for all female complaints. The weak and debilitated find wonderful relief from a constant use of this valuable remedy. Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 per bottle. Send for almanacs, Graefenberg Co., New York.

The History of Civilization Might be written in the gradual processes of improvement wrought out in articles of food. Every progressive step is a public blessing. To no one article is due the credit due to Dr. Yeast Powder. This with proper care insures the most delicious and digestible bread, biscuits, pastry, etc.

Pond's Extract. There is no swelling it will not abate; no pain it will not cure. This is the testimony of those who have used it many years. Try it!

Scour Stomach and Bowels. Are signs of a bilious attack? Quick Irish Tea will remedy all these. Price 50 cts.

**CHEW**  
The Celebrated  
"MATCHLESS"  
Wood Tag Ping  
TOBACCO.  
THE PIONEER TOBACCO COMPANY,  
New York, Boston, and Chicago.

### The Markets.

NEW YORK.	
Beef Cattle—Native.	11 1/2
Texas and Cherokee.	10 1/2
Milk Cows.	35 00
Sheep—Live.	08 1/2
Dressed.	08 1/2
Hogs.	06 1/2
Butter—Creamery.	12 1/2
Flour—Western—Good to Choice.	6 80
State—Good to Choice.	6 30
Wheat—Red Winter.	1 30
No. 2—Milwaukee.	1 70
Rye—State.	43
Oats—State.	25
Barley—Malt.	125
Oats—Mixed Western.	32
Corn—Mixed Western.	57
Hay, per ton.	10
Straw, per ton.	70
Hops.	70
Wool—No. 1.	14 1/2
Lard—City Steam.	11 1/2
Fish—Mackerel, No. 1, new.	20 00
No. 2, new.	14 1/2
Dry Cod, per cwt.	6 00
Herring, Scaled, per box.	22
Potatoes—Grade.	10 1/2
Wool—California Fleeced.	28
Texas.	31
Australian.	43
Butter—State.	21
Western—Choice.	18
Western—Good to Prime.	10
Western—Firm.	11
Cheese—State.	03
State Skimmed.	03
Western.	08
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania.	18

BUFFALO.	
Wheat—No. 1, Milwaukee.	1 40
State—Good to Choice.	1 30
Oats—Mixed.	55 1/2
Barley—Malt.	100
Rye.	43
Oats—Mixed.	39
Potatoes—Grade.	10 1/2
Wool—California Fleeced.	28
Texas.	31
Australian.	43
Butter—State.	21
Western—Choice.	18
Western—Good to Prime.	10
Western—Firm.	11
Cheese—State.	03
State Skimmed.	03
Western.	08
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania.	18

BOSTON.	
Beef Cattle—Extra.	06 1/2
Sheep.	05
Hogs—Dressed.	08 1/2
Butter—Creamery.	12 1/2
Flour—Western—Good to Choice.	6 80
State—Good to Choice.	6 30
Wheat—Red Winter.	1 30
No. 2—Milwaukee.	1 70
Rye—State.	43
Oats—State.	25
Barley—Malt.	125

WATERTOWN, MASS.	
Beef Cattle—Poor to Choice.	6 75
Sheep.	5 75
Hogs.	7 00

BRIGHTON, MASS.	
Beef Cattle—Extra.	06 1/2
Sheep.	05
Hogs—Dressed.	08 1/2
Butter—Creamery.	12 1/2
Flour—Western—Good to Choice.	6 80
State—Good to Choice.	6 30
Wheat—Red Winter.	1 30
No. 2—Milwaukee.	1 70
Rye—State.	43
Oats—State.	25
Barley—Malt.	125

THE NEW	
Providence Line	TO BOSTON,
via PROVIDENCE DIRECT.	

A WHOLE NIGHT'S REST.	ONLY 42 MILES OF RAIL.
TIME 60 MINUTES.	

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THE GREAT  
**KIDNEY MEDICINE**  
A positive remedy for Dropsy and all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs. Hunt's Remedy is purely vegetable and prepared expressly for the above diseases. It has cured thousands. Every bottle warranted. Send to W. E. Clarke, Providence, R. I., for illustrated pamphlet. If your druggist don't have it, he will order it for you.

**KEEP'S SHIRTS**—only one quality—its name is its guarantee. Keep's Patent Partly-made Dress Shirts can be finished as easy as putting a handkerchief. The very best, at \$7.50. Keep's Custom Shirts—made to measure. The very best, at \$8.00. An elegant set of genuine Gold-plated Collar and Cuff Buttons given with each half doz. Keep's Shirts are delivered FREE on receipt of price in any part of the Union—no express charges to pay. Samples with full directions for self-measurement. Sent free to any address. No stamp required. Deal directly with the Manufacturer and get factory prices. Keep Manufacturing Co., 145 Mercer St., N.Y.

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**CLOCKS**  
RUN WELL  
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AND  
KEEP GOOD TIME

**THOMSON'S PATENT**  
**GLOVE-FITTING**  
**CORSETS.**  
The friends of this UNRIVALLED CORSET are now numbered by MILLIONS. Get the CORSET MEDICAL RECEIVED AT CENTRAL. Beware of imitations. ASKED FOR THOMSON'S UNBREAKABLE STEEL. The best goods made. See the name of THOMSON and the Trade Mark Crown are stamped on every Corset Steel. FITS THE FIGURE PERFECTLY.

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**LIFE**  
**INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
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ASSETS, \$4,827,176.52  
SURPLUS, \$820,000  
EVERY APPROVED FORM OF POLICY  
ISSUED ON MOST FAVORABLE TERMS

**ALL ENDOWMENT POLICIES**  
AND  
**APPROVED CLAIMS**  
MATURING IN 1877  
**WILL BE DISCOUNTED AT 7%**

ON PRESENTATION.  
**JAMES BUELL, - - PRESIDENT.**

**NATURE'S REMEDY**  
**VEGETINE**  
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

**Rev. J. P. LUDLOW WRITES:**  
178 BALTIMORE STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.:  
Dear Sir—I have been sick two years with the Liver complaint, and during that time have taken a great many different medicines, but none of them did me any good. I was restless nights, and had no appetite. Since taking the VEGETINE I rest well and relish my food. Can recommend the VEGETINE for what it has done for me. Yours respectfully,  
MRS. ALBERT RICKER.

Witness of the above:  
MR. GEORGE M. VAUGHAN,  
Medford, Mass.

**NATURE'S REMEDY**  
**VEGETINE**  
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

**Rev. O. T. WALKER SAYS:**  
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 164 TRANSIT STREET.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.:  
I feel bound to express with my signature the high value I place upon your VEGETINE. My family have used it for the last two years. In nervous debility it is invaluable, and I recommend it to all who may need an invigorating renovating tonic.

O. T. WALKER,  
Formerly Pastor Bowdoin-square Church,  
Boston.

**NATURE'S REMEDY**  
**VEGETINE**  
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

**NOTHING EQUAL TO IT.**  
SOUTH SALEM, MASS., Nov. 14, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:  
Dear Sir—I have been troubled with Scrofula, Canker, and Liver complaint for three years. Nothing ever did me any good until I commenced using the VEGETINE. I am now getting along first-rate, and still using the VEGETINE. I consider there is nothing equal to it for such complaints. Can heartily recommend it to everybody.

Yours truly,  
MRS. LIZZIE M. PACKARD,  
No. 16 Lagrange St., South Salem, Mass.

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**VEGETINE**  
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

**GOOD FOR THE CHILDREN**  
BOSTON HOME, 14 TYLER STREET,  
BOSTON, APRIL, 1876.

H. R. STEVENS:  
Dear Sir—We feel that the children in our home have been greatly benefited by the VEGETINE you have so kindly given us from time to time, especially those troubled with the Scrofula.

With respect,  
MRS. N. WORMELL, Matron.

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Prepared by  
**H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.,**

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**REVOLVERS** 7 shot \$3.00, 10 shot \$4